

NEW  
SERIES

DECEMBER

VOL.  
5

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM  
YEAR TO YEAR."

# All the Year Round a Weekly Journal

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS, JUN.

WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED

"HOUSEHOLD WORDS"

PART 25.

PRICE  
ELEVENPENCE.

1870

LONDON  
26 WELLINGTON ST  
STRAND.  
W.C.

Nos.  
105 to 109

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No. 105. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1870.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

## THE DOCTOR'S MIXTURE.

### BOOK III.

#### CHAPTER XVI. AN AWKWARD MEETING.

On the next day the young lord began to find himself bored, and hearing there was a regiment quartered in the town, said he would go in and "beat them up," to see if he knew any of them. He returned at lunch-time, having "beat up" Colonel Bouchier, who he found "had known his father"—that very common link of acquaintance, like some useful nag which jogs between two distant posts.

The band played, it seemed, at three, so, with a yawn, he said he would stroll in and see what that was like. He then set off. The day passed by. Miss Jessie paid a visit to Mr. Leader in the library, and was shocked to find him there. She had thought she would have it all to herself. She had been thinking over the wonderfully interesting things he had been telling her last night. It grew dark—came to dressing-bell—to dinner—but the young lord had not returned. His mother suddenly recollected Colonel Bouchier—his father's old friend. The colonel had kept him to dine; that explained it all. The dinner passed over. Katey appeared, shy, and almost cowed. The poor girl at times felt her courage and resolution quite abandon her. It grew to ten, eleven o'clock; and it was not until past one o'clock that the young gentleman got to his bedroom.

At breakfast next morning he was plied with a shower of questions. He must have had a very agreeable party? How did he like the officers? He was a little embarrassed, as Katey alone noticed, laughing before he answered. "Oh, the officers were uncommon nice—that is, the colonel and

a man they called Montague—a very good fellow." But where were the rest of the mess? "Oh, they weren't asked. I never said I was dining at the mess. I never thought of such a thing."

A nervousness came over Mrs. Leader. "And where did you dine, then, Lord Seaman?"

"Oh, didn't I tell you?" he said. "Well, the colonel introduced me to such a first-rate fellow, who was smoking a cigar at his rooms. Mr. Cecil Leader knows him, and so do you, Mrs. Leader," he added, slyly.

"No—not that—Doctor Findlater?" she said, with a sort of horror.

"That Doctor Findlater? He's a very good fellow—filled my case with smuggled cigars, and insisted on us all dining with him—such a dinner as he gave! And there was a parson that sang and made us all die laughing. And then he has a daughter—I beg your pardon, Mrs. Cecil—that's the prettiest, liveliest young girl I ever met. Lord, how we got on!"

The consternation, the stupefied looks at this news, may be conceived! It was a most awkward situation. If Katey had been absent, some attempt at showing him the heinousness of his conduct could have been made. But the young man went on recklessly: "Why don't you have him up here? They are Mrs. C.'s relations, and, as Doctor Fin says, are now your connexions, Mrs. Leader. He says that's the common sense of the thing; that it's like the ostrich sticking its head in the sand, and thinking it's hid all the time. He is the pleasantest, most genial creature, full of stories, and so gentlemanly. Quite a wrong view you gave me, Mrs. Leader. As for the daughter, Miss Polly, I am quite in love with her. She'd be the handsomest girl in London."



Lady Seaman said austere, "You are talking folly, child. You should recollect that this subject is not very suitable here."

"What nonsense," said the young man, eagerly. "Are not the families connected? Isn't Cecil Leader here Doctor Fin's son-in-law? As the Doctor says, you might as well try and wash the spots off a cat's tail. Oh, how I laughed last night!"

Mrs. Leader was looking a little wildly from one face to the other, murmuring something that was unintelligible, not knowing whether she ought to smile or not. Katey was looking at him with a friendly good-nature which she could not restrain.

"Put such nonsense out of your head," said Lady Seaman. "It is very bad taste of you under the circumstances. Mrs. Cecil Leader knows the footing her father is on with the family, and she must excuse me if I tell you that gentleman is not a person you should know."

"Oh, I have no quarrel with him, mother," said the young lord, carelessly. "And he knows everybody about here."

After breakfast he said he would take a gun and go "potting about the country." It was a bitter, sharp, miserable day, but Miss Jessie and Mr. Leader appeared muffled up, and ready for a walk. He was going to show her their little court, where the magistrates sat, and which she was "dying to see." He was rather sheepish as he announced this plan, and actually blushed.

As he was going out, the voice of Mrs. Leader was heard to call after him sweetly, "I want to speak to you, John dear, in the boudoir a moment."

Her husband made a muttered protest: "Oh, it will do when I come in. What's the use of going now, and keeping Miss Forsythe waiting." But he went, nevertheless.

"Surely you are not mad enough to go out such a day, with your weak chest, making yourself ridiculous, besides, with that girl. Everybody is laughing at you for making such a fool of yourself. You know you are not fit for these young pranks."

"Now don't worry me," said he, fretfully. "You are always worrying me. I can't stay. I promised to go."

"Yes, always after some trifle. And what are we to do with this Findlater, who, remember, I tell you, will try and get hold of this boy for that low girl of his?"

Much put out, Mr. Leader departed, pro-

missing to return soon. The foolish little man, unaccustomed all his life to hear words of compliment, or to have his stories listened to, was quite enchanted by the zest exhibited by his new friend.

After they had gone her ladyship graciously signified that she should like a drive. "To be sure, dear Lady Seaman. I will drive you myself." And presently the amazed lady of quality came down to the door to find a dainty little carriage and skittish little ponies, and the engaging chariotress, in a light hat, with a fairy-like parasol-whip, and all the charming characteristics of sweet seventeen. A smile came to her guest's face as she took her seat, and they drove away. How many plans, how much of "laying heads together" took place in that little drive! A perfect hatching of a conspiracy, with low, earnest voices.

They drove into the town, as her ladyship wished to buy a cap "cheap," and Mrs. Leader believed something of the kind could be got at M'Intyre's. As they were driving away out of the town, past one of the little lanes near the Doctor's house, they saw two figures, and Lady Seaman called out:

"Bless me! who on earth is that Seaman is with?"

The figures heard the sound of the wheels, and turned to look. That action revealed our blushing Polly, quite scared, like some tender fawn who has been browsing, lifting nervously her pretty head as she hears the distant barking of the dogs. She made as though she would spring away over the fields, and escape. The young man coloured, then cried out:

"Don't go. It's only my mother."

The carriage was now up to them, and Mrs. Leader had to pull up her ponies.

"Of course you know Mrs. Leader? Mother, this is the young lady at whose father's house I was telling you we had such a jolly night—Miss Polly Leader."

The lady bowed stiffly, and Polly dropped a sort of stage curtesies.

"I thought you had gone out shooting," said his mother, without noticing "the girl." "Here, get up into the back seat, and come home."

"Oh, I can't, indeed. I've an appointment in the town; and you wouldn't have me leave a nice young lady alone in the fields?"

"Oh, papa is at the band," faltered Polly, really frightened at the two terrible ladies. "I can easily get there."

"Not at all," said he. "I'll go with you." And, in truth, the sound of military music could be heard where they were standing. "I tell you what, why shouldn't you drive round and see it? It's great fun. All the town is there."

At this moment were seen the figures of 70 gentlemen approaching. How had it happened? Was it that our Doctor had seen from afar off the glittering equipage, and was attracted by it, in the hope of something turning up? Or was it that he had seen "the situation," and what could be made of it? With him was Captain Molyneux.

"I declare here is the Doctor himself," said the young man, in mischievous enjoyment of what was to follow. "He does not know that it is you who are here."

Mrs. Leader knew not what to do; her impulse was to drive on; but she did not want to seem afraid before Lady Seaman.

"Oh, really this is unbearable," said that lady.

"You down here, my dear Lady Seaman?" said the captain, taking off his hat. He knew nearly all the "figure-heads of society," as they might be called. "Ah, Miss Polly, and you here? Nice work this. Your father won't approve of this."

The Doctor made a respectful bow to Mrs. Leader. "Ah, captain, she's thinking of the pleasant evening we had the other night, when his lordship amused us all so much. Eh, Polly pet?"

All this was so much torture for Mrs. Leader, perched up high, in a very awkward position. She was, besides, conscious that the Doctor was gazing, with a sort of scoffing air, at her finery and general costume.

"We need not stay here, dear Lady Seaman," she whispered. "Do let us go."

"Come, Seaman, we'll take you home. I want to speak to you. Really."

"Oh, never mind dressing, my lord, and all that," said the Doctor, eagerly. "We don't stand upon ceremony at our house. Polly will excuse the wedding garment—I mean, of course, always excepting on the grand occasion." And the Doctor and the young lord roared at this joke, while Captain Molyneux smiled.

"Oh, you can't dine out to-day," said his mother; "it's quite rude—not good manners to your host."

"Oh, nonsense," said he, sulkily. "It would be worse ill manners to throw over an engagement. Mrs. Leader has plenty of the family to entertain."

"I am sure I don't want to stand in the way of Lord Seaman's movements," said the Doctor, maliciously, to Mrs. Leader. "Mrs. Leader knows that in my little hospitality is the only opportunity I have of securing the pleasure of his company."

The two ladies had to drive away, frustrated in their schemes. It looked, indeed, as though things were turning out ill for their little plot.

"My dear Mrs. Leader, it is all for yourself," were the last words of the noble lady as they drove up the avenue. "If your husband is indisposed to exert himself, or allows himself to be laughed at by a low fellow like that, why, it is not my affair, but yours. If it were my case I should settle it off-hand, and not listen to any more such nonsense. If my husband were afraid to act for the interest of the family I should take it on myself."

Mrs. Leader, entering the house, allowed these words to sink into her soul, and her compressed lips showed that she had taken a resolution.

#### CHAPTER XVII. A SKIRMISH.

OVER dinner that day there was quite a blank solemnity, owing to the late events, though there ought to have been joy and good spirits, from the invalid's coming down for the first time, and joining the family at dinner. He was greatly changed, with a wild, shifting look in his eyes, and with a singular irritation and fretfulness, which his wife had noticed was growing on him steadily. Mr. Leader and his companion came in late, after a most delightful day and charming expedition; but at dinner no one was in a humour to rally him, as perhaps he wished to be rallied. To him his wife assumed a stern, offended manner, which disturbed him not a little, and to Katey she was specially hostile.

After speaking of their drive, Mrs. Leader said: "But I suppose we shall have to give up driving about the place at all. We cannot be secure an instant from intrusion."

"I think Mrs. Cecil Leader," said the guest with affected respect, "might without difficulty contrive that you should be saved from intrusion of this kind. I am sure her relations would listen to her."

"Are you speaking of my father?" said Katey, coldly. She had heard of the adventure before. "I implore you, madam, to leave that subject alone. It is as painful to me to hear him attacked, as for you to hear him defended."

The servants were out of the room. The hostile ladies looked at one another. Lady Seaman then said:

"You see, Mrs. Leader, there are subjects which we are not to talk of at your own table."

Here Cecil struck in angrily. "Well, it is hard to have her father brought up thus for abuse. They're always nagging at him here. I believe she hates the ground he walks on."

Mrs. Leader looked over at her husband. "You are privileged as an invalid," she said.

"Oh, I want no privilege," he said. "But I think you might let her father alone. He's a good fellow, and liked by every one that knows or meets him. Only there are special reasons in this house for running him down."

Mr. Leader, with both ladies looking to him, now interposed. "Don't say any more, Cecil. You must consult your mother's wishes."

"Mother," said the young man, "no, not quite. There's been very motherly conduct going on about me."

"He wishes us to leave the room. Mr. Leader allows me to be spoken of any way, in my own presence."

Mr. Leader, emboldened perhaps by the wish to make a figure before Miss Forsythe, said:

"I must beg, Cecil, that this will cease. It is very unbecoming of you. I can't have it at my table."

"Then you shouldn't allow our connexions to be abused at your table."

"Cecil, I implore you," faltered Katey.

"Nonsense, they think I've grown stupid and don't know what's going on, or am to keep my mouth shut. It's a shame, so it is. Such plots and schemes, and when I am so ill, too."

"Will you allow this, Mr. Leader?"

"I can't have it, sir. It's most unwarrantable, making such charges; so disrespectful, too. You should not speak so at my table."

"That is a mild rebuke," said Lady Seaman. "I must say, Mr. Leader lets you off very easy, Mr. Cecil."

"Either he or I shall leave the table unless I receive an apology, even before Lady Seaman."

"Apology!" said Katey, excited. "You must be laughing at him. Recollect he has been ill; and is it right or generous to excite him in this way?"

"I'll make no apology to any of them,

never fear, Katey," said the young man, rising and pushing back his chair. "I'll not stay here any longer."

He then left. Katey remained for a moment.

"It is not fair," she said, in an imploring voice, "to work on him in this way. Recollect what an illness he has had, and you are taking a serious responsibility."

Mary Leader had remained silent up to this. Perhaps she thought her previous interference only did harm. She felt, too, the scandal of such recrimination in presence of mere strangers, such as the Seamans were, and was inexpressibly hurt at such an exhibition. When Katey left the room she left also.

The ladies looked at each other.

"This is growing too bad," said Mrs. Leader. "You see what Lady Seaman thinks."

"Well, I should prefer not to give an opinion; but if my son treated me in that way, he should not do it twice."

"There!" said Mrs. Leader.

"My dear sir, you see the case is plainly this. I don't blame the young man, but this is evidently their influence. He is hopelessly enslaved to them; they are using him as a lever to harass and annoy you; and depend upon it, in this attack on your wife, he has been prompted, or put up to it. You heard what he said so bitterly about a plot? Depend upon it, this Doctor has put that into his head. This is but the beginning, and I warn you, unless you take some step in self-defence, you will be fostering an enemy in your house."

With these words she rose and broke up the council.

That night there was a second council held between Mr. and Mrs. Leader. Like most weak people, he had suddenly veered round, wishing to win a cheap reputation for decision.

"Oh, I must say this has gone quite too far. He should not insult you at my table. What Lady Seaman said was very true: that Doctor has got two emissaries of his in the house, whom he works on. And I really am bound to take some step to assert my authority."

"You say that," said Mrs. Leader; "but they can treat you as they like. You would let me be insulted again to-morrow."

"Oh, that is quite a different thing. I really cannot be treated as a cipher in my own house. Cecil certainly must apologise to you, or incur my serious displeasure."

"What rubbish you talk! Do you want



every one to be in screams of laughter at you? What good will an apology do me, with that low, impertinent wife of his always in the house, urging him on to insult me? I cannot bear it. I will not stand it. Have you no sense of the respect due to yourself, that you would let creatures of this sort, who have been insolent, who snap their fingers at you, relying, I suppose, on the certainty that after your death everything must come to them, and so they can outrage their step-mother with impunity? Have you no shame before these people, who are doing so much for us? What a contempt they must have for you—you whom they would make a baronet."

Mr. Leader was overwhelmed, and, in truth, not a little ashamed of himself. Perhaps that petty, mean motive influenced him, that his own poor little authority had become enfeebled, and that here was an opportunity of showing that they were all "in the wrong box," and that he still had power in his own house. So he said, "Of course I shall take measures to keep up my own respect and yours. I have no notion of being treated in this fashion."

"That is all very fine talk. What can you do?"

"I can at least reserve the power of disposing of my own estate in my own hands. That will be a check on him, and insure that he will behave with respect to you and to us all."

Mrs. Leader said nothing, but that very night went into her boudoir and wrote a letter to Messrs. Amos, the family solicitors, to come down the next day. Even that concession was a great deal, and she flew to Lady Seaman to announce it. Meanwhile eleven, twelve, and one o'clock passed by before the young lord returned.

#### VERSAILLES AND THE TRIANONS.

ALL eyes, for some time past, have been directed towards Versailles, the more so that it is a spot familiar to the great majority of excursionists. Few persons not pressed for time visit Paris without going to see Versailles; but not one in a score, perhaps not one in a hundred, of the multitudes who throng to Versailles, ever see the Trianons. Even the park and the parterres around the château are comparatively unknown, except to persons who have gone there on a "grand waters" Sunday.

The reason is plain. The inside of the palace is so interminable, that, before you

have "done it," on consulting your watch, you find that it is time to rush back to Paris and dine. Few people dine at Versailles twice; for one reason, amongst others, that the dinners there are sometimes what the French call "*très salés*," highly salted; that is, dear. The first and last time I dined at Versailles, two peaches at dessert were charged two francs, at the season when they might have been bought for a couple of sous in the streets of Paris. One way of seeing all, at leisure, is to take lodgings in Versailles for a week or a fortnight; but that amounts to an undertaking.

To make sure of the Trianons, the first thing is to ascertain the days on which they are open to visitors. Before the outbreak of the war, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, from twelve till four, were the appointed times. I mention these details because it is impossible that the present state of things should last, and that Paris and its appendages should not be reopened to the civilised world; when that desirable consummation arrives, it will probably be the endeavour of those in power to put things as nearly as possible on their former footing. On this account I beg to remind you that there are two railways from Paris to Versailles, of which the most convenient for strangers is that following the right bank of the Seine, and starting from the station of the Western Railways, Rue Saint Lazare. Trains leave Paris every hour, at the half-hours, from half-past seven in the morning till half-past ten at night. Return trains leave Versailles at the hours. The journey occupies forty-seven minutes. On grand occasions, besides the above, extraordinary and supplementary trains are started. For visitors residing in the hotel region of Paris, the simplest plan is to go to the omnibus office in front of the Bourse, and there take, together, omnibus tickets to the station and railway tickets to Versailles and back. This simple arrangement avoids a great deal of trouble. You will perceive that, by giving these directions, I take it for granted that, after the thunder-cloud has passed away, Paris, Versailles, and other historical spots, will be more run upon than ever.

Say you leave Paris at half-past nine, or even half-past ten, it gives you time to stroll through the listless streets of Versailles—I speak of their usual and weekday aspect—up to the palace, and through the park, to enter the Trianons soon after the opening of their gates. You can take a hack carriage to convey you thither; but

visiting them on foot gives a correcter idea of the vast extent of this suggestive domain, besides allowing time for observation and reflection. A pedestrian could not fail to note that field, producing more scarlet poppies than wheat, which lies between the big and the little palaces. In my blindness, that brilliant June afternoon, I could see in it only bad farming, which was strange so close to a temple dedicated to the glories of France; whereas, second sight should have shown it as an omen of the seas of blood so soon to be spilt.

If you really mean to see the Trianons, on entering the palace gates, you must resolutely turn your back on the miles of galleries and acres of pictures that entice you within. Leave them for a rainy day, if yet unseen; or, if seen, refrain from revisiting them to-day. It is impossible not to recal them in imagination. There is the theatrical chapel, with its tribune, and galleries, and graduated seats of honour, which has recently been desecrated—bigots would say—by the sound of Lutheran hymns, and Lutheran preaching. Nevertheless, I have seen churches in Germany in which Protestant service was celebrated during one half of the day and Catholic service in the other, without any sense of pollution being felt by either set of worshippers. There are the long suites of rooms, where, at this present writing, wounded Prussians gaze from their beds at the pictured triumphs of their adversaries. There are the commemorative saloons, on which Louis Philippe spent large sums of money from his private purse. There is the Council Chamber, a portion of which was once the royal Cabinet des Perruques. Louis the Fourteenth changed his wig several times a day. He had a wig to hear mass in; a wig for after dinner, to help digestion; a wig to hunt in, and a wig to put on after hunting; a wig to sup in, and possibly a wig to sleep in. There was held the council into which Madame Dubarry intruded, seating herself on the arm of Louis the Fifteenth's chair, and where she one day snatched out of the king's hand a packet of still unopened letters and threw them into the fire. There is Louis the Fourteenth's sacred bed-chamber, containing his doubly sacred bed, at the foot of which, when he left Versailles, a valet de chambre slept, to guard the said bed inviolate. The bed is still surrounded by its balustrade, which no one might pass without the king's permission. When the President de Norion approached that bed

to talk of state affairs with the ailing king, the Duc d'Aumont, first gentleman of the bedchamber, pulled him back by his robes, and said: "Where are you going? Get out. People like you don't come inside the balustrade, unless the king calls them to speak to him!" In this very chamber, and on this wonderful bed, died Louis the Fourteenth, after a reign of seventy-two years. Everybody knows one ceremonial observed at the death of the kings of France. The first gentleman appeared at a window looking into the Marble Court, and thrice shouted "Le roi est mort!" Then breaking his wand of office, and taking another, he shouted, "Vive le roi!" What followed has been less frequently mentioned. The same functionary fixed the hand of the palace clock on the hour at which the monarch had breathed his last sigh, where it remained motionless until the death of his successor. This custom was observed for Louis the Fifteenth; but after him, out of all the real or titular sovereigns of France, Louis the Sixteenth, Louis the Seventeenth, Napoleon the First, Napoleon the Second, Louis the Eighteenth, Charles the Tenth, and Louis Philippe, the only one who died on the throne was Louis the Eighteenth, and at his death this ceremony was observed for the last time, on the 16th of September, 1824. There is the Salon d'Apollon, formerly the throne-room, in which Louis the Fourteenth received the submission of the Doge of Genoa, who, when asked by the courtiers what he found most extraordinary there, answered "To find myself here." But a similar reply, I think, has been put into some other mouth on some other occasion. There is the former Cabinet of Agates, from one of whose windows Louis the Fifteenth, seeing Madame de Pompadour's funeral pass, made the strange remark, "The marquise has very bad weather for her journey." There is the same wretched monarch's bedroom, in which he died horribly of confluent small-pox. Everybody rushed away, to escape the infection. On leaving the royal chamber, the Duc de Villeguier ordered M. Andouille, the king's head-surgeon, to open the body and embalm it. "Of course I shall," the other replied. "But while I am operating, your office requires you to hold the head." The duke took himself off without saying a word, and the body was neither opened nor embalmed.

There are these heaps of historical records and memorials, almost as many of them false as true. Witness David's cele-

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brated picture (of which there are four originals), familiar to the public through engravings, of Bonaparte crossing the Great St. Bernard. The artist preferred to treat this subject poetically rather than as a matter of fact. Napoleon wished to be represented calm, mounted upon a fiery steed. Now he actually crossed the Great St. Bernard on a quiet mule led by a guide.

Versailles, for nearly a century and a half the habitual residence of the French court, dates from Louis the Thirteenth. Fond of hunting in the neighbouring woods, he, or at least his courtiers, got tired of sleeping in a wayside inn or a windmill, and built at first a small pavilion, whose site is still pointed out. Afterwards, he wished for a real habitation, which grew and grew into what it is now. After the first revoution, Versailles ceased to be the abode of kings. The Convention made an inventory of the furniture, and sold it. The Bonapartes never cared much about it. Napoleon the First neglected Versailles, and called it at St. Helena a "ville bâtarde," regretting even the small sums of money which he had spent in keeping up the palace. The vast museum it contains is in great measure the personal work of Louis Philippe.

The Trianons are two miniature palaces or boxes, built as escapes from the heavy grandeur of Versailles, when its royal occupants happened to tire of their dignity. They are Le Grand Trianon and Le Petit Trianon; but at first sight you would say that the big one was the little one, and the little one the big one. The Grand Trianon, with the pride which apes humility, is only a rez-de-chaussée, a ground-floor, while the Petit Trianon has a basement, a first floor, and an attic, all outwardly visible. The delights of both are their gardens and pleasure-grounds.

The two Trianons are to Versailles what Sir Walter Scott's hill cottage was to Abbotsford—a retreat to which he could retire, taking his work with him, and leaving Lady Scott to entertain the blue-bottles in the great house, and who, as Mr. Carlyle said, were really blue. This feeling that the Trianons were refuges of royalty, is manifested by the fact that Charles the Tenth lingered there before his final departure into exile. Louis Philippe, too, after leaving St. Cloud for ever, made a farewell halt at the Trianons. The last sovereign of France probably bade them no adieu, because he expected to revisit them

in triumph, and increase their treasures by some new trophy. Man proposes!

Even before Versailles was finished, Louis the Fourteenth had bought some ground in the parish of Triarum, and built on it, in 1670, a little château, which Saint Simon called "a porcelain house to go and lunch in." A few years afterwards the royal whim chose to convert it into a palace. The building of this palace furnished an instance that wars were then declared with as little reason as they are now. It all arose out of the size of a window.

Louvois, who was then all-powerful, directed the public works, as well as everything else. One day Louis the Fourteenth perceived that one of the windows, still unfinished, was narrower than the others. Louvois, presuming on his influence, bluntly declared that it was not. The king said nothing, and walked away.

A few days afterwards, when they were there together, the king called Le Nôtre, the famous landscape gardener, and ordered him to measure the window. Le Nôtre hesitated, being equally afraid of offending either the king or the minister, who had already come to high words about the matter in dispute. Louis insisted; it turned out he was right; the window was several inches too small; upon which he gave Louvois an awful scolding before the courtiers, the workmen, and the lookers on. Louvois went home in a rage, and told the friends who tried to comfort him, that "he would soon put things to rights, and give the king something else to think about besides bricks and mortar." And he kept his word. He stirred up war by the affair of the double election of Cologne (reminding us of the candidature to the throne of Spain), and aggravated it by carrying fire and sword into the Palatinate.

The inside of the Grand Trianon is interesting from bearing still fresh the marks of its date. There are the stoves of the period, surviving the girls of the period, who once warmed themselves before them; the thermometer graduated according to Reaumur's scale, before the centigrade had become authoritative; the royal bed enclosed by rails, like an altar, before which devotees might worship. Almost shocking by its incongruity and its contrast is a marble group symbolising France liberating Italy, presented to the Empress Eugénie by the ladies of Milan. Curious are the chaises à porteurs, the sedan-chairs used by Louis the Fifteenth's queen,

Marie Leczinska, and other great and unhappy ladies of that day. A year or two ago, the grand dames of Paris tried to renew the fashion of chaises à porteurs.

Worth inspection is the Salle des Voitures, or coach-house, close by. To enter it you are required to produce an order from some high official. I found a franc to answer the purpose just as well. Here again you have Marie Leczinska's and Marie Antoinette's sedan-chairs, fancy sledges, and amongst them the Dubarry's. Two of the riders in those fine vehicles perishing by the executioner's hands. You have Bonaparte's carriage when he was First Consul, which has not been used since the day when, after her divorce, it carried the Empress Josephine to Malmaison. The day of the dissolution of their marriage he retired to Trianon, while she was sent to Malmaison with a plaster to salve her wounds after the manner of Lord Bateman's rejected bride:

She came here on a horse and pillion:  
She shall go home in a coach and three.

Charles the Tenth's coronation carriage served for the baptism of the Prince Imperial. We also behold Napoleon the Third's wedding carriage, wonderful on account of its enormous size; it is a house on wheels. What yards upon yards of robes and furbelows its occupants must have worn to fill it out! I forgot how many thousand kilos the green-liveried showman told me it weighed. It must have been drawn by horses of two-elephant power. And to think that I had no suspicion that last June afternoon that its owners would so soon be by-gones. Not even yet had the Italian joke appeared: "How much will the war cost?" "Due Napoleoni."

The inside of the Little Trianon is not shown, except by special order; but the truth is there is nothing to see in it, unless you take interest in such things as the traces of the trap-door by which the tables at Louis the Fifteenth's petits soupers were sent up into the dining-room, to avoid the compromising attendance of servants. But the grounds are open, charming, and containing some remarkable specimens. I particularly advise you to see a cork-tree which grows behind the orangery. There is also a Swiss village very well done (not flaring, exaggerated, or in tea-garden style), containing houses in which quiet people might make themselves very comfortable, and all by way of a park decoration. Indeed, so well adapted is this pleasure-ground for a place of entertain-

ment, that, in 1797, a Versailles café keeper, named Langlois, hired the Little Trianon to use it as a public garden. He set up a restaurant in it, and gave fêtes with illuminations and fireworks. It was from this garden that Garnerin made his first balloon ascents. The furniture of the Little Trianon had been sold by auction, which accounts for its not being a show-place now.

### VILLAGE SCAMPS.

In every village there is the village scamp, as surely as there is the village pump, or the village ale-house. He may be of various kinds, scampishness being multiform in its manifestations, but he is certain as an institution, in what way soever he may present himself, the community not yet being known that has not its black sheep among its white ones.

The village scamp of one kind is the cleverest man in it—a man who can turn his hand to anything, and who consequently turns it to nothing for any length of time, or to any stability of profit. He lives by anything rather than by steady work, though sometimes, when a virtuous fit is on him, and he is not "out on the rampage," the "loose," or the "spree," as the vernacular of the place may have it, he will undertake a delicate job for the parson or the squire, and "do it as well," says his employer, enthusiastically, "as any man in London could." This kind of scamp is a mechanical genius born, if only poorly bred, a man who has educated his hands up to the highest point of deftness of which he is capable, and who has grafted half a dozen finer branches of his business on to the original rough, poor root. Perhaps he is a toolmaker who has taught himself all about clocks and watches; perhaps he is a watchmaker who has got to learn the principles of the microscope and the spectroscope, and who has improvements of his own on each—not carried out; perhaps he is a carpenter, or only a vulgar joiner, self-erected into a clever cabinet-maker, a delicate machinist, a clear and vigorous wood-carver; whatever he is by trade he is sure to be more by capability, and he is also sure to have, beside his manual skill, a natural aptitude for geometry. He can also do anything whatsoever that wants nice manipulation, clever adaptation, and a dash of original genius; and, with his almost intuitive perception of figures and dyna-



mics, not only understands his employer's most intricate plans, but adds improvised ideas of his own. "The best workman I ever had," says his first master, shaking his head. "Lord bless ye, he could do anything he were put to; but the drink took him, and now where is he?"

Where, indeed! In the ale-house, or the skittle-ground, idling about with his hands in his pockets, dirty, ragged, unkempt, and penniless; with faculties that would have insured him a competency and an honourable position, if not an absolute fortune, if he would have used them, through "the drink" and idleness together going straight to the dogs and the work-house. His parson alternately rates and encourages him, according as the bad fit or the good is on him; the master employer of his special trade tries him again and again, and is always glad to give him a job when he will take it; but the ale-house and the skittle-ground, idleness and loafing, are stronger temptations than work and honesty, respectability and comfort. They are the nets into which his shuffling ill-shod feet have strayed, and from which they will never clear themselves again; and he lives and dies as the notorious scamp of the village, if also its best hand and its cleverest head.

Twin brother to him is the intellectual scamp, the self-taught smatterer of first principles, the dabbler in science, whose forte is pedantry and whose foible is universality. He is generally a man of a venerable not to say touching appearance; with a fine head and a good-looking face; plausible, glib, well bred for his position, though perhaps a little too unctuous when not too familiar; a crafty beggar and a successful one, getting what he wants without seeming to ask for it, and so cleverly insinuating his desires, so delicately suggesting his needs, that you take credit to yourself for your keenness of perception in discerning them, not to speak of your generosity in supplying them. He is a man who cannot do much with his hands, which are, as a rule, fine and delicate, and more like the hands of a London pickpocket than the hands of a country workman; but, en revanche, his trade is in his head. "He knows a vast," the neighbours say, with pride in their intellectual ne'er-do-well; "he knows a'most everything." That is, he knows a few fine words, and as much science as an ordinary schoolboy of sixteen; and he makes the little that he does know go a great way, and do quite an heroic

amount of service. He is specially grand in his terms, if not always correct, and scorns the vulgar names for things, if he can in any way compass the technical. He talks of the "axes of certain strata," and when he speaks of a "parallelopiped"—which, however, is a white elephant he does not seem quite comfortable with—he looks at you from under his shaggy eyebrows to see how you take it, and in expectation of your admiring surprise at his range of learning. He tells you to find out the state of the tide by "adding four and a half to the moon's south;" and he makes a hazy demonstration of the law by which you, being short-sighted, need concave lenses, and he, being aged and flat-eyed, needs convex ones. But if you care to push him closely you will find his science to be about as substantial as those gossamer webs which lie on the autumn grass, a transparent veneer which will not bear handling. If you get him out of the groove he has made for himself and travelled in for all these years with so much local credit and self-contentment, he is done for, and his learning has evaporated like smoke. Still, he has just the outsides of things, and "in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed is king."

The scientific scamp, like all other clever scamps, has been a man of many fortunes, and has undergone an immense amount of undeserved misfortune: if he is to be believed. He has filled various posts in his time, and, according to his own account, has been wrongfully dismissed from all. If he is a seaside scamp, he has been in the coast-guard service, but he has no pension; if in a mining district, he has been agent, overseer, paymaster: but he lost that through envy, treachery—anything you like rather than defective arithmetic in the matter of receipts and payments; if in an agricultural district, he was my lord's bailiff, surveyor, steward: but here again evil tongues came in between him and his prosperity, and he was obliged to give up his service, all along of some nameless fellow's lies and wickedness. But he bears no malice, not he; for though my lord smiles with good-humoured reprobation, or frowns with angry reminiscence, as it may chance, when he speaks of him as "that clever old scamp who ought to be now in jail if he had his deserts," the scamp speaks of my lord with quite touching affection; and the lofty magnanimity with which he forgives that unjust dismissal of his, and owns that "my lord is a good

man at bottom, though he is easy to be led," is really heroic. Meanwhile, he lives from hand to mouth, no one knows how, though he will be sure to tell you in your first conversation with him that, but for just the smallest little accident in the world, he would have been a rich man by now, and owner of such and such a valuable property hard by. He is almost always the heir to something or some one, if all people had their dues; and though he is but a poor man, as you see, and glad to drink your health in a pot of beer, if you will give him sixpence to buy it with, he is a gentleman by rights, and you can take his word for it. He affects extreme disdain for the class among which he lives, but you find him night after night drinking with the lowest boor of them all, if only he may drink at his expense; and he will let the poorest day-labourer in the place stand treat for him. The more ignorant of the villagers sit at his feet as a second Gamaliel, and nothing pleases him more than to lay down the law among them, and receive their homage of belief. He makes their wills for them, and writes their letters, whereby he picks up a few pence from time to time. He is "good company," they say, and for the most part debonair and obliging; but in his heart is a well of bitterness that every now and then bubbles up to the surface and expresses itself in speech and look; and he lets you see how inwardly he hates both his life and humanity, despising the clods to whom he feels so immeasurably superior, yet to whose level he has sunk himself, and envying the class to which he cannot attain. His family is the worst educated and worst conducted of the place; his wife the greatest slattern, his house the most sordid and ill-found; and the man who perhaps has been a schoolmaster among his various avocations, who can quote Latin and prove a simple equation, has not taught his own children to read or write, or fitted them for anything but the rudest manual labour. And even in this they see no example in him from which to take a copy. A grain of honesty mixed up with this man's cleverness would have changed the whole current of his life; but just as idleness ruined the clever mechanic, so want of principle and want of honesty has ruined him.

Then there is the scamp of the more conventional kind, the village poacher par excellence, a man of great physical strength, of energy, and daring, and lawlessness; a man not bad at heart, and who would have

done well in some rough Border state, say, where he would have been in harmony with the conditions; but whose energy here, coupled with his love for hares and pheasants, gets him into continual trouble with the authorities. He may have a dash of something better in him, if it only had the chance to come out; or he may be an unmitigated ruffian, who poaches on the squire's preserves as being an easier way of getting food than by work. But if the first, he is generally a good practical naturalist, and the fidus Achates of all the growing boys of the place. He knows everything they want to learn, and he is never grudging of his knowledge. He shows them where the water-hen has her nest, how to draw a badger, where to look for the otter up the stream, and what are the best flies for the month; he can imitate most of the cries, and his owl's hoot is perfect; he is a good mole-catcher; rats are his playthings and his dog's; he is the best earth-stopper in the neighbourhood, and fish come to his hook when no one else can get a bite. As he is too independent on the one hand, and too fond of the public-house on the other, to be made gamekeeper—which is the only conventionally respectable post he could fill, on the old principle of drafting smugglers into the preventive service—he devotes his whole energies to poaching, as the trade most in harmony with his nature; and it is more by good luck than merit if he does not, some dark night, add the winging of a gamekeeper to his list of shots "straight from the shoulder." If he be a mere ruffian, as may well be, he is almost sure to do something desperate before the game is played out: but if there be any better stuff in him than mere ruffianism, if his faults come rather from the misfitting of circumstance than from original moral obliquity, he may be made something of before he dies. If caught young he makes a good soldier, though constitutionally inclined to insubordination, and often in the cells for drunkenness; or if he have the good fortune to find his way to America or the colonies, he is by no means a bad "pioneer of civilisation," though it must be confessed that the civilisation he carries with him is somewhat of the roughest, and requires nice discrimination to distinguish it from savagery. Kept at home in a small country village, he is the nuisance of the neighbourhood, the demoraliser of the young, and the despair of the local bench; eminently "matter in the wrong place," and, as such, offensive to the nostrils of clean, well-shaven

respectability. But he might have been better done by, if government and social politics had been wise enough to understand the nature of the living material they manipulate.

Besides these, there is the village Lothario, who passes his time in sweethearting, and to keep company with whom is as much as an honest girl's character is worth: often a reddish-haired, mean-looking fellow, who makes one wonder what the women see to like in him; and there is the mere scamp who is nothing but a scamp, and who, if he had been in London, would have been a thief by profession; and the stupid scamp, the sottish fellow who can do nothing that requires either brains or nicety of handling, but who works only at low and repulsive day-labour when he works at all, which is seldom—the man who is more an animal than a man in nature, in condition just between pauper and criminal, and sure to end in one or the other, and horribly ignorant and poor—a man who is the dread of the guardians, the *bête noire* of the magistrates, and the opprobrium of our civilisation altogether. And there is the village wit, who sings a good song, has the reputation of being a "fine dancer," who makes verses and says smart things good enough to laugh at, has an admirable temper, "is no one's enemy but his own," and is the life of every convivial meeting. His shoulders are broad; and they need be; for there is not a bit of mischief, not a "lark" in the district of which he is not assumed to be the author and mainspring. When the whole village saw "He is not dead but sleepeth" scrawled over the shutters of one of their tradesfolk notorious for his sloth and late hours of opening, there was no question as to whose handiwork that was; and when he cajoled a foolish woman with more money than sense to marry him on the strength of his fine estate, "in Spain," his neighbours applauded him for a bit of sharp practice that put a few hundreds into his pocket for a time—only for a time; "nobody's enemy but his own," having the faculty of getting rid of money as quickly as water runs through sand. They pitied the poor woman, perhaps; but caveat emptor applies to matrimony as well as to sales, and folks ought to look out when they make bargains, and test their crockery before they buy it. When of the worst sort of his kind, this manner of scamp is close on the heels of the swindler. In fact, he is often substantially a swindler, by his extraordinary fondness for passing himself off as a gentleman

when away from home. As one we know of, an honest gardener's clever but slippery son, who ran off with a pretty girl, superior to himself in station, and by dint of boundless audacity succeeded in making an impression on a certain innkeeper—in Yorkshire, too!—for the sorrowful proof, when too late, that pleasant manners do not pay for beef and mutton, and that "Honourables," who speak with a provincial accent, are more loss than profit so far as the bar and the best parlour go.

Then there is the pious scamp, whose faults the parson alone does not see; who sings psalms with unction, helps in keeping the choir up to the mark, goes to church regularly and busies himself with showing strangers into vacant pews, holds the plate at the door, and finally adopts the office of clerk, or is formally installed into it, as the ecclesiastical arrangements of the district may decide. It is a mystery to all how he makes his miserable little business, at which he never seems to work, pay so well as it must, especially with his numerous family to keep, and with but a poor sickly, down-trodden-looking wife to help. And many a sharp thing is said of him and the pot of gold he has found under the rainbow. But he wisely remembers that hard words break no bones, and that those have most cause to laugh who win. He has got the length of the parson's foot, say the neighbours, jeeringly; and having that measure in his pocket, he lets them jeer. He is useful up at the parsonage, where he is a kind of local jackal in the matter of parochial information; for he knows every one's history, and every one's business, and he is not backward in telling what he knows. And then he is a pleasant fellow to talk to, always respectful in his manners and respectable in his appearance, knowing the worth of a clothes-brush, and religious in his use of soap and water—qualities and practices not to be despised in the man to whom a gentleman gives his countenance. Besides, whatever may be suspected of him, nothing is known; for he has the art of washing his dirty linen at home, and of covering ugly places with a plaster not easily seen through. When his daughter goes wrong, and his son gets into trouble, and his own tamperings with morality and the Ten Commandments are oozing out, he keeps a dead silence to the world, and maybe, by his discretion, tides over the evil for a time. Only for a time in all probability; for sooner or later he trips so

that he cannot recover himself; and his true character comes out before that friendly tombstone, which covers so many sins and makes them look like virtues, settles down on him for ever. But the art with which he has made his scampishness look like respectability for so many years, almost deserves a better fate; and if success would have transformed him into an honest man eventually, one would have wished him success. But it would not. It would only have been a premium on his hypocrisy, and in all probability would have converted a plausible scamp, who had everything to gain by appearing what he was not, into a cunning rascal who had everything to lose by showing what he was.

## TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

## I.

THE woodmen were toiling with axe and wedge,  
Between the fir-tree rows,  
The midges were dancing, dancing, dancing,  
Until the evening's close.

Said the gnat that led the waltzers there,  
"Look at those foolish men!  
They work while we take our pleasure,  
Let's go on dancing, then."

## II.

The picnic over, the dance went round,  
The bugle blew clear and the fiddle began;  
Quoth the ant to her train of workmen small,  
"Industry see is unknown to man."

"We'll hoard our pile of hard-earned corn,  
Then we shall be rich when they are poor;  
If summer's the time for them to waste,  
Summer's the time for us to store."

## HOLBORN RACES.

A FEW numbers back a view was given of a more primitive and innocent stage of horse-racing, as it obtains in a comparatively savage quarter of the sister isle; where it is pursued for the honest and healthy love of horse-flesh, and horse-spirit exhibited in generous rivalry.\* It must be owned that this almost Adamite state of innocence was dwelt on invidiously, and with an uncomplimentary reference to other parts of the kingdom, of higher pretence, but corrupt and degraded. It seems now that in thus severely glancing at the favourite sport of the English nation, there was a certain hastiness and unfairness. A too great ardour on the side of right often misleads, and on that occasion the present writer was carried away too far.

The truth is, the great English pastime

\* See ALL THE YEAR ROUND, New Series, vol. iv., p. 465.

is comparatively harmless and innocent. I am now inclined to believe that these stories of wreck and ruin—even that reckless gambling known as "plunging,"—are sheer inventions. These things are delusions, possibly bugbears, devised by nervous parents. A convincing proof of this theory is to be found at THE HOLBORN—or 'OLBORN—THEATRE, for both titles prevail. A splendid steeple-chase takes place at that Temple of Momus every night, attended by enormous and excited crowds, whose delight and enjoyment cannot be restrained within bounds. I can see that this hearty relish is based upon recognition and recollection: the reproduction is so amazingly accurate, that the stirring chord is touched, which has so often responded in the case of cabs, conflagrations, railway stations, and the like. There is a spontaneousness in the greeting, which proves that a familiar friend is recognised. Thus the truth of the Shakespearean "holding up the mirror to nature," is once more triumphantly vindicated. Horses, or more appropriately 'orses, and jockeys, are clearly nature, and therefore proper to be reflected from the stage, even in such a dull and wavy sheet of glass as the 'Olborn. The most loyal admirer of the drama now running must admit that nearly the whole attraction centres in the steeple-chase. That contest will bring "nightly thousands" to the house, and thousands of a yet more desirable kind to the treasury. But its most glorious homage comes from the side of morals; for, as before remarked, it vindicates British horse-racing triumphantly.

The story itself, whose natural interest, as we have intimated, quite pales beside the "Race," shows how "young Tom Shutte" had got into bad company, and into the possession of "a forged bill," now nearly due. He is, however, the owner of a great steeple-chaser, Jack-in-the-Box, who is "favourite" for the Canterbury military race, and is to be ridden by his owner. A villainous friend has laid heavily against the horse, and will be ruined if he win, and is thus obliged to devise an infamous scheme for having the owner of Jack-in-the-Box arrested. Mark the diabolical ingenuity of this ruse! On this ungentlemanly and cruel arrest of the rider, the horse, of course, cannot start, all the available riding talent of the regiment being already provided with "mounts."

The scene on the course at Canterbury, under such circumstances, was interesting, in the highest degree, as may well be



imagined. Quite a flutter ran round the vast multitude as we saw "the saddling-room"—to the very reality, as we may presume—with an excited throng of some five-and-twenty people, circulating in a highly artificial manner, no doubt assumed to keep down that nervous flutter which always comes on before a race. It was strange to see how nicely representative were the elements of this throng, there being two soldiers, two policemen, two or three countrymen, two or three betting-men, with a Punch-and-Judy artist, an acrobat, and other recognised constituents of a race-course crowd. A better behaved crowd we are bound in honour to admit could not have been produced in all England; and even their betting seemed not to travel beyond the harmless limits of a few half-crowns. One objection, indeed, we might offer as to the words "the weighing-room" being an accurate description of the scene, as all that was visible in reference to weighing was that title inscribed over a doorway O. P., which appeared to be formed of canvas, according to the custom on race-courses.

But the saddling-bell has rung—a bell which, at the conclusion of the race, seemed to have been disposed of as door-bell to a private house in the farce that followed—and already we hear the restless hoofs of thorough-breds, sounding hollowly on what seems to be the wooden floor of an adjoining apartment. Three jockeys cross the stage with saddles on their arms; and after them, led by grooms, defile three racers, one of whom is "the crack," Jack-in-the-Box. I simply state here that I believe the stories about this noble animal's viciousness to be the grossest libels, especially the story told by his groom of his having kicked a boy rider in the stomach that very morning, an injury likely to terminate fatally. A quieter, better behaved animal could not be desired; and the very fact that with all his drawbacks of figure and breeding he should have established himself as first favourite, is sufficient testimony to his gifts. I should not have liked to have hinted such doubts in that vast assemblage, so much under the dominion of prejudice, and who were, moreover, bound to express their partiality from having put their money on him, even in a figurative sense, at the doors; but, even to unprofessional eyes, it was plain that he and his two companions were more in the "draught" line, and though, of course, "bred," as all living horses must be in

some shape, still the claim of "thorough" breeding seemed to go a little too far. In the intervals of training it was more than probable that they earned their corn by honest toil. There is no disparagement meant in this, and it seems to me rather to add to what might be called their kudos.

Just before the race began, a little incident occurred of more than usually dramatic sort. The unprincipled adventurer having succeeded in his schemes, had announced to the bewildered crowd, publicly, that the favourite was not to start, adding, it seems to us, with a superfluous mendacity, a strong reflection on the honour of the owner, stating, in so many words, that he had sold the race. But a young lady, who seemed to come from the stand-house, here stepped forward, and made a spirited speech in reply, defending the absent, and, to the cheers of the mob, maintained that the horse would run. This statement was uncourtously contradicted by the unprincipled man, and as vehemently supported by the young lady, in whom the absence of any false modesty on such an occasion could not be too much commended. It was a most striking instance of nicely timed corroboration that, on being required to make good her words, she had only to point to the saddling-room, which opened as if by telegraphic agency or machinery, and out of which emerged a new rider—the gallant young Mr. Jessamy, a mere boy, who had never ridden a race in his life, but who, being in love, would do anything to please the young lady. Was there ever such a *Deus ex machinâ*?

The course appears to have been laid out with great judgment. We see over the fair champaign country, technically called "stiff." And certainly if our steeds, after the day's severe traction over the rude causeways of the metropolis, can "stay" over such a course, we must, of course, retract what has been said in reference to their pedigree. At a distance there appear to be formidable jumps; but here, at home, there is an elaborate leap of a curiously involved and artificial character: a sort of entry between two canvas banks (O. P.) blazing with jets of gas on the ground, which seems to us a meaningless increase of the risks of steeple-chasing, and which entry is barred by a canvas hurdle. I have no doubt that this ingenious combination of difficulties was arranged by the committee of officers who laid out the course. But still the canvas hurdle was no more than a foot high; and there

seemed to be some few twigs and leaves tacked on to hide the unfamiliar canvas from the equine eye. There are plenty of artful sportsmen who are very clever at devising breakneck jumps; but I doubt if this clever but risky idea of a row of gas jets under the furze has occurred to the most enterprising clerk of the course.

It might have been a mere coincidence, but it was very strange to discover, on adjourning to this fresh portion of the course, that the whole of the crowd we had seen before had adjourned with us! There was not one more, or less; the two soldiers, the two policemen, the two betting men; we recognised all their features. This constant companionship gives a pleasant feeling; we know we are not strangers to one another, and there is a corresponding sympathy. But we have no time for these nice speculations, for the cry rises, "They are off!" Off, indeed; as we could see about six feet from the ground afar off, of course in strict obedience to the laws of perspective, where a string of horsemen, neatly cut out in pasteboard, seemed to be propelled along a slit by some hand moving unseen behind. But how is this? Only three horses were led up and down, and only three riders certainly went in to weigh. These three have multiplied, à la Falstaff, into half a dozen horses of buckram, or what seems to be buckram, or of pasteboard. And turning to our racing-card, or playbill, we see eight horses and riders set down. This shows a want of concert between the histrionic Doring and the military committee.

But indeed this wonderful race is overflowing with exceptions. Our vulgar ideas of a course were, that it took a shape something approaching the circular or an oval. But one is puzzled by the novelty of the present attempt. For when next our horses are seen, they cross the scene by a slit lower down (ergo nearer to us) and moving in the same direction, still westward ho! Now as we have not moved from the imaginary stand-house where we took up our position, the only theory for the shape of the course is, that it copies the flourish of Corporal Trim's stick, of which a cut is given in Tristram Shandy; that is, the riders are coming closer and closer to us, by taking a series of eccentric rings much like the flourishes of the ladies' curl known as a "follow-me-lad." We have not time to follow this speculation, for by the shouting and the looking out towards the wing we know they are coming round the stage Tattenham Corner, which lies somewhere

towards the prompter's box. The relays of horses, graduated in size according to the distance, have done their work, and from hearing the sound of struggling hoofs upon boards, with which the course has been most unsuitably laid down at this critical point, we know that the final struggle is at hand. Oh! what shouting and waving of arms, as here trots in leisurely the favourite, ambles quietly up to the great jump, leisurely clears the canvas hurdle, gas and all, and wins!

The second horse walks up in the same contented manner, and stops short at the jump; while to our amazement we see the rider deliberately let himself down over his animal's shoulders. This was a heavy "cropper," we are informed. Away with in future the vile slanders about "Fordham calling on the mare," or "Holman fairly ripping up "the Doctor's sides," or a "severe struggle at the finish," when both animals were much distressed. These are, so to speak, and without any disrespect to female old age, mere old women's stories. Here, with our own eyes, we saw how a great and severely contested race could be finished with perfect humanity and gentleness, and how each horse could literally have it "all his own way." So, too, with those bugbears of loss of life. Surely when a jockey pulls up his horse at a fence, and then glides down over that horse's shoulder, on to what seems a blanket, no doubt accidentally dropped there by a spectator absorbed in the race, such vulgar charges, repeated over and over again by the enemies of steeple-chasing, are refuted in the most triumphant manner. Finally, at the close, the 'Olborn introduced a novel but not unpicturesque feature, the grouping the three horses with their faces to us, their riders on their backs, and each horse's head held securely by two grooms in full dress, the police, soldiers, and crowd forming a background. This might be intended as a sort of graceful apotheosis, and was certainly effective.

The purport of these remarks has been to vindicate a peculiar British sport from undeserved obloquy. Here we may see racing pure and undefiled, and purged from the hackneyed stories with which enemies and slanderers are too fond of disfiguring it. If any one doubts the accuracy of this description, let him go and see for himself, and send his sons without fear to the great Isthmian games of his native country. It may be objected, on the other hand, that this is not a faithful representation. But

then its rapturous reception and recognition, as a faithful picture, by the "nightly thousands," place its accuracy beyond dispute.

### SIX MONTHS IN THE EAST.

AT JERUSALEM.

LIPMAN WOOLF is a proselyte and a guide. He is spiritually our superior, and socially our servant, and his manner blends the two conditions very curiously. The six pounds a day we have contracted to pay our Jaffa dragoman, Alee Sulyman, entitles us to be provided with competent local guides, and Lipman, who is a German Jew by birth, and a Jerusalem Christian by conversion, is told off to attend to us during our sojourn in the Holy City. He is a well-informed, intelligent man, and by no means devoid of earthly cunning. When, for example, he found that the stock phrases of a certain school of religionists fell flatly upon our ears, he assumed a jaunty tone, and touched on the most sacred matters with a familiarity which was at once sneaking and profane. It was as if he said: "I sin vicariously, and as a matter of business. These four Englishmen are not touched when I refer to my own spiritual experiences, and seem to resent my abusing or mocking at infidels and Jews. It is clear, therefore, that they are unregenerate, and do not appreciate the privilege of associating with interesting converts. The story of my inner life has no charm for them. They are worldly enough to prefer historical or topographical information to that relation of my own spiritual backsliding and ultimate repentance, which is so deservedly a favourite with the right-minded and the good, and I must, therefore, under protest, and at a moral sacrifice which I trust will be remembered when we settle accounts, affect the jocularity I believe to be germane to their fallen natures." Reprimanded with some sternness for presuming to speak flippantly to a venerable rabbi at the Jews' Wailing-Place, and for unseemly talk, Lipman saw his mistake, and settled down into a useful guide, who was willing to do our bidding without obtruding advice, and to answer our questions without volunteering opinions as to the ultimate destiny of unbelievers. He was not a prepossessing companion, even after exercising this self-denial, and in all his descriptions of the apocryphal sites of Jerusalem, seemed to calculate how much we were willing to swallow, and to season

his discourse accordingly. The man's whole bearing seemed to speak of emoluments or privileges gained by the profession of religion, and set us speculating upon the direct and indirect advantages to be gained by an "interesting convert" who makes modern Jerusalem his dwelling-place. A slouching, waddling gait, large flat feet, which shuffle one after the other, as if in the acts severally of evasion and stealthy search, shoulders rounded by a frequent succession of lazy attitudes, hands and arms which hang listlessly at his side, as if protesting against being employed, a convex figure, which told its own story of good living, and a seedy black frock-coat, a striped waistcoat, baggy trousers, and a wide-awake cap, none of which would have been inappropriate in Holywell-street or Houndsditch, made up the figure introduced to us by Alee as "Mistre Woolf, good guide for Jerusalem." In Lipman, too, we had the spongy nose, the juicy lip, the keen, expressive eye, the pendulous cheek, the dark curly hair, the full chin, and the greasy complexion to be seen among one type of Israelites at home; and as we started for our first ramble through the city, it was with a curious feeling as to our companion's identity with the conventional Jew, as drawn in Punch.

Mr. Disraeli makes one of Tancred's companions direct him to Bethany as unconcernedly as if "he were showing the way to Kensington," and the author of *Eöthen* describes the strange effect upon the mind of discovering Mount Calvary to be "on the first floor" of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. But nothing short of a visit to Jerusalem can bring the strange conjunctions to be met there thoroughly home, and when Lipman asks us to excuse him for "a quarter of an hour, that he may go up to Zion with a small parcel," and assures us we "shall be able to walk round by Brook Kedron and the Valley of Jehoshaphat to Gethsemane and the Mount of Olives, from the top of which he will show us Moab, the Valley of the Jordan, and the Dead Sea, and to be back at the hotel in time for the six o'clock table d'hôte," the announcement almost takes away our breath.

We start in regular order soon afterwards, the proselyte leading: and after limping over the sharp stones which form the pavement of the foul and narrow streets of Jerusalem, and passing through some of her fetid covered ways, find ourselves outside the city, and are soon

scrambling down a steep pathway encircling its walls. Lipman talks all the way in snuffing tones, pouring out a flood of traditions, and eyeing us curiously after delivering himself of each. He is very severe upon the Jews. They are the idlest, the most ignorant, and the most untrustworthy of the natives of Jerusalem. They live upon charity most of them, and are abject and superstitious. On Friday afternoon Lipman will take us to their Wailing-Place, where we shall laugh to see them crying over what they say are the walls of their Temple, and praying that the ancient grandeurs of the chosen people may be restored. It is quite funny, Lipman thinks, to see tottering old men with white hair, women who are grandmothers, accompanied by their kinsmen and kinswomen of all ages, deceiving themselves in this way, sometimes putting a written petition to Jehovah in the open crevices of the old wall, "which I've taken away myself at night, and sold as curiosities to English gentlemen, when the poor people thought an angel from heaven had taken it;" and then to think of his, Lipman's, ever having belonged to such an unenlightened set! Would we buy one of the petitions he speaks of to take away as a relic? He has no doubt he could find one after next Friday, and then, his quick instinct and habit of sly watchfulness enabling him to read in our faces the disgust and indignation we felt, he suavely changed the theme, and showed us that we were already in the Valley of Jehoshaphat, with the tomb of Absalom, of Zacharias, and of St. James in front of us, and thousands upon thousands of rude graves on the mountain-side to our right. We know, both from reading and from external evidence, that the monolith surmounted by a pyramid, and ornamented by an Egyptian cornice and Doric frieze, cannot be the pillar which Absalom "reared up for himself during his lifetime," but we follow the immemorial custom of the Jews, and cast stones into the tomb to mark our reprobation of the rebellious and unfilial conduct of him whose name it bears. The day is hot, and honest Lipman is a laggard when we come to scale the hill, and his generally "unbuttoned" and untidy look increases. We are on Olivet now, and Jerusalem is before us in clearly cut outline—a raised picture on a bright blue wall of sky. We have passed Gethsemane—a small walled-in garden, with some very ancient olive-trees and formal modern flower-beds, guarded by a holy father, who

unlocks the garden-door to strangers, and sells flowers, and points out delves in the rock which mark where the apostles were found sleeping by our Lord, and accepts backsheesh, all in the spirit and with the manner of the janitors of show-places all over the world. There was not a touch of reverence, not a spark of feeling in his talk. It was all hard, dry, business-like, and commonplace, and we turn our backs on Gethsemane, and continue our walk up the Mount of Olives with a bitter feeling that the ground we tread on at least is real, and that it is only in the natural topography of the Holy Land that we shall be safe from imposture and the craft and subtlety of man. There is little atmospheric haze in Palestine—all is bright and clear, and the perspective in landscape is not well brought out in consequence. But this, which has been complained of as an artistic defect, is a wonderful aid to strangers who are striving to master its localities.

When we have gained the summit of Olivet, Lipman perspiring painfully, and with his glib utterances interrupted by grunts and groans, not from its steepness, but by reason of our rapid pace, we put him under close cross-examination, and request him to limit his conversation to replies. Where we are, on the summit of Olivet, is just half a mile from Jerusalem, as the crow flies, and some two hundred and twenty feet above it, and with nothing to intercept the view. Acting on the advice given in Murray's admirable and copious handbook, we ascend the little minaret of the village of Tur, which crowns the mount, and from it drink in impressions which will be life-long. Looking down the mountain's sloping sides and past the olive-trees dotting them, is the dried-up bed of Brook Kedron; while the ridge of Zion; the ravine of Hinnom; the Mosque of Omar, with the beautiful enclosure of the Harem; the so-called fortress of Antonia; the Golden Gate, walled up to prevent the fulfilment of the Moslem prophecy that Jerusalem shall be retaken by an infidel invader, who will enter by it; the dome and heavy square tower of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; Akra, which is now the Christian quarter—the English church looking fresh and new, by contrast with the buildings near; the Jewish quarter on the steep face of the hill of Zion; the white dome and minaret of the tomb of King David: are all in view. Looking to the south of the valley of Hinnom, Lipman points out the Hill of Evil Counsel, the ruins on which, as the Jews insist, are those



of the villa or country house of Caiaphas, the high priest; while to the north the high tower of Neby Samwil, the ancient Mizpah, alone breaks the lines of undulating hills. All these were included in our first view from the top of Olivet. Passing along one of the narrow paths of Tur, and followed by the large-eyed ragged children of the village, and gazed at shyly by half-veiled maidens, who wore immense necklets and head-dresses of silver coins, in one of which a five-shilling piece of our own William the Fourth held the central or honoured place, and we turn our backs on Jerusalem, and looking eastwards see Moab and the shining waters of the Sea of Death. We are now on the opposite brow of the mount to where we stood last, and in the far distance, extending to the north and south as far as eye can reach, is a huge wall of dull red mountains, destitute of vegetation, and with their rugged watercourses and harshly scored sides defined with wondrous clearness in the evening sun. They are the mountains of Moab, and between us and them, and shelving down from our feet for ten miles in a succession of bare hills and sandy desolate valleys, is the Wilderness of Judæa. Beyond this lies the plain of the Jordan, with the course of the river and its junction with the brilliantly blue Dead Sea, marked out by the dark green foliage on its banks. We were told subsequently that we were especially fortunate in the weather, on this our first experience of this most impressive view, and that it not unfrequently happens that the traveller has to ascend Olivet many times before he is successful in insuring the glowing grandeur we revelled in. There was not much talk as we descended, and made our way through St. Stephen's Gate to the hotel again. We were as men who had seen almost too much. The profusion of ancient sites, and of the names sacred from earliest infancy, taxes the mental digestion to the uttermost, and we were eager to refer to our Bibles—the best of all guides to Palestine, and to which all others are subsidiary—and to ponder quietly over the stirring sights of the day.

There is a bookseller's shop in Jerusalem, the back window of which looks upon the dried-up Pool of Bathsheba, in which tradition says the fair wife of the unfortunate Uriah was seen bathing by King David from his castle-tower hard by. We purchased at this shop Murray's Guide, in two volumes, and Dean Stanley's Syria and Palestine. With these and our Bibles, together with Miss Martineau's wonder-

fully minute and graphic record of her travels in the Holy Land, we were almost independent of Lipman, and were, in fact, frequently able to put that worthy right. It is difficult to imagine a purer pleasure than that derived from reading again, on the spot, the sacred story, and then comparing your own feelings and reflections with those of the illustrious travellers who have been before you. After each exploration of Jerusalem and its neighbourhood, it was our rule to retire to our rooms, and there, over books, and maps, and journals, to work out the experience we had acquired. We did this resolutely day by day, and were thus withdrawn to a considerable extent from our fellow-guests at the hotel.

This was an advantage, for what we saw of them at meal-times did not inspire us with a desire to improve the acquaintance. A Jerusalem table d'hôte is of the earth, earthy. In dishes, serving, and appointments, it is as that of the second-rate inn of a second-rate French town. There is nothing offensive, and nothing specially unpalatable in the repast, and the orthodox routine of soups, entrées, joints, poultry, or pigeons, with a wine-list to select from, and bottled Bass at command, is served by civil waiters, who speak English. It is only the company, and its cackle, which jars a little upon nerves which are highly strung. A gentleman, with the mournful look of a man waiting for remittances, takes the head of the table, in virtue of his being the senior guest present, and favours all near him with a flood of washy talk on subjects which we know all about, or can read up in our guide-books. He is a tall thin man with a lined face, wrinkled caverns under his eyes, and a solemnly pompous manner; insisting much upon the recondite knowledge he has acquired during a ten months' stay in Jerusalem, and on the impossibility of mere birds of passage, such as the majority of the people present, taking any interesting information away. By a beautiful compensation, no human being is so constituted as to be deprived of self-esteem, and to this gentleman it is given to pride himself upon having remained for a certain number of months in one place, and to have, if his conversation be any criterion, learnt, thought, and understood as much as a milestone would in the same time. The American family, who have been travelling for the last year, and who do not propose returning to New York for twelve months more, who have seen India, besides touching at San Francisco, China, and Japan, scarcely deign to answer the poor Impecunious, for

the father and leader of the party has had private talks and smokes with the landlord, and knows exactly how much the former owes, and how florid and illusory have been his expectations upon each mail-day. Mail-day, by the way, is a misnomer, as there is no regular post in Palestine, letters being received and sent by favour of the consuls only. At the table d'hôte, too, is an English squire, who has ridden from Damascus, attended only by his dragoman, and who is regretting the necessity which compels him to hurry home. Also several French couples; a Spanish nobleman and his son; more Americans, some of whom appear to consider success in securing a competent and honest dragoman as the end, rather than the means, of a tour in the Holy Land; an English family who are starting for the Dead Sea and the Jordan at six in the morning, the young lady members of it being eloquent on the comfort of life in tents, of which they have had an experience of some weeks; our own party of four, the members of which are closely questioned as to the reality of the success of the Suez Canal, and have to explain minutely that ships have really passed through it. There are, too, some rich young men from Manchester, who make our meditated journey to Jericho the occasion of questionable jests, who tell stale stories from the Oxford Art of Pluck, and who would, as it seems, be capable of inditing a comic guide to Palestine and who strike us as objectionable to the last degree. When the dealers in relics are admitted after dinner, we are glad to retire. These hawkers of dried and pressed flowers from Gethsemane and other holy spots; of paper-knives, work-boxes, and rosaries made out of wood from the Mount of Olives; of phylacteries which have been worn by dead and gone Pharisees; of holy parchments, which are warranted ancient; of crucifixes for Catholic visitors, and Testaments bound in olive-wood for Protestants; of Jordan water in hermetically sealed tins; of Palestine walking-sticks, watch-guards, models, buttons, slippers, capes, and fancy-work—have one striking peculiarity. They are all gentle-mannered, soft-spoken, and well-educated. The abundance of religious and charitable institutions in Jerusalem, and the subscriptions from various sources which flow into it, place a good schooling within the reach of all the professors of Christianity we conversed with; and it was rather melancholy to speculate upon the effect on the mind and character of the relic trade these highly educated young people followed. There is abundant chaffering in the hotel

drawing-room, one sharp old lady driving a hard bargain for a crucifix, refusing to take it unless its owner would throw in some beads, warranted to have been blessed on the Holy Sepulchre by the priest in charge, which the dealer did eventually, on the elderly pilgrim advancing sixpence on her original bid. Everything offered for sale has, or professes to have, some immediate connexion with one or other of the holy sites of Jerusalem; and "Calvary;" "Will give you a pound;" "The place of the Last Supper;" "But you must let me have the Virgin's tomb as well;" "How much for the Judgment Seat and the group from Gethsemane, if I take the two?" grate on one's ears unpleasantly, as photographs, models, and relics, are passed from hand to hand.

We spend a whole morning at the Mosque of Omar, to which we gain admission by a firman, obtained by Lipman from the Turkish governor the day before, and are edified by our guide's talk concerning the site of the Temple, and by the lazy contempt with which we are regarded by the Mahomedans reposing on the bright sward of its enclosure. There is nothing so beautiful in Jerusalem as this shady, spacious retreat. Here we see the Sacred Rock which, says the Mahomedan tradition, the angel Gabriel held down by main force as it was rising with the Prophet to heaven, and which was tapped in our presence to prove that it was suspended miraculously in mid-air; the reputed judgment-seat of Solomon, and the far-famed Mosque El-Aksa. Be sure that we went laboriously through the argument for and against the site and outline of this mosque being identical with the Basilica of Justinian, and that after much argumentative effort each of us retained the opinion he held before the discussion began. The summit of Mount Moriah is in the centre of the splendid Mosque of Omar, and when its green silk canopy is lifted and it is seen rude and unpolished as when Abraham's hand was stayed, the contrast between it and the ornate structure enclosing it, is solemnly impressive.

We devote another morning to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where Lipman is unctuously indignant at the evil behaviour of the pilgrims who sleep within its walls at Easter time, and smiles with such offensive incredulity at the stories of the placid old Latin monk, who shows us round, that we have to order him to wait outside. Then the whole painful round of apocryphal anecdotes is gone through. Nearly

the whole of Jerusalem, as it is shown now, is an outrage upon Christianity, and an insult to common sense. But it is, by reason of the awful associations it claims, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre that the lying traditions become most distressing. The crown of thorns, framed and glazed, and hanging on the wall as if it were a picture; the silver-mounted socket, in which the cross of our Lord stood, with other sockets on each side of it for the crosses of the two thieves, seen in a kind of ornamental loft, gained by steps; the Holy Sepulchre itself, standing in the centre of the rotunda, a tasteless, tawdry fabric like a gaudy cage, and with pilgrim after pilgrim crawling on bended knees, and pressing lips and forehead in an agony of devotion to the cold slab of marble within; the Chapel of the Invention of the Cross, where the Empress Helena discovered and had dug up the three crosses, the nails, and the crown of thorns; the Chapel of Golgotha; the altar erected to the penitent thief, and countless other "inventions"—are shown the traveller. It is all very shocking and very sad, and as we repossess the Mahomedan soldiers who are on guard at the door of the church—to protect the Christian worshippers of various sects from the results of quarrelling among themselves—and note the half-smile with which they claim our backsheesh, we feel once more that of all the melancholy and fallen places on God's earth, Jerusalem is the most melancholy and the most fallen. For you cannot shake off or escape from the impostures which hem you in, and the stranger can no more visit a sacred site without hearing lying traditions from some one interested in their preservation and acceptance, than he can go over St. Paul's Cathedral without contributing to the funds of the Dean and Chapter. One day we have a grave discussion with an aged priest as to whether the cock crew on a stone pillar in a yard, or on a wall outside it, the venerable father throwing great energy into the controversy, and condemning the wall theory with holy zeal. We had read in Murray that tradition was divided as to which of the two places was the true one, but the priest regarded all doubters of the pillar as unregenerate, and became positively fierce in his denunciations of our supposed heresy.

We had heard, before our visit, of Mahomedan fanaticism, and of Christians being insulted in the streets, but we made a point of being out at all hours, and we did so during our stay without receiving a single

act of incivility. Some of us buy absurdly useless brocades from Damascus, as stiff as boards, and with enough gold wire in them to make a respectable bird-cage; others give their attention to photography, and find among the works of a resident operator, Mr. Bergheim, some excellent specimens; and all purchase relics of various kinds from the conventional holy places. When we visit the Jews' Wailing-Place, we have a striking illustration of the social anomalies of Jerusalem. For centuries it has been permitted to the chosen people to weep outside the wall of their Temple, the stones of which are worn smooth by their tears. Their woe was as real and bitter when we saw them as if their loss were recent, and men and women of all ages prayed, and wept, and read prayers, self-absorbed, devoted, miserable. One poor woman, a widow, left her book of prayers in a cleft in the rugged wall, from which it was taken openly, and under our eyes, by a Turkish slut, who, with half a dozen of her disreputable sisterhood, had come down to the Wailing-Place to gird at the Jews. When the owner of the prayer-book returned and discovered her loss, a terrible wail was set up, and all the Jewish women present having been consulted, lifted up their voices and wept.

We had sent Lipman away, thinking his presence might be offensive to the fellow-worshippers he had abjured, and were compelled to despatch a messenger for him before we could ascertain the merits of the case. The prayer-book had been captured forcibly as a prize, and would only be returned on the payment of a fixed ransom. The Jewess had not the money herself, and a collection was being made, when we offered to pay the sum demanded for the restoration of the book. There was no pretence of right, be it observed. The Turkish girl chose to make a raid on the property of the Jew, and the latter meekly acquiesced to the terms on which she would be permitted to buy her own book back. The subscription proceeded slowly, and when we agreed to pay what was asked, we found it was one thing to claim black mail from a Jewess, and another to find a Frank traveller ready to pay it. The she-robber's terms increased upon the instant, and when, after much noise and objurgation on the part of Lipman, we tendered the advanced charge, the precious volume was first formally spit upon and a handful of dust thrown on it, after which it was, with a yell of derision, thrown ignominiously on the ground. "Why couldn't we have applied to

the Turkish police," we asked, "and so had the thief punished?" "It would have cost far more in backsheesh than you have given to the woman," answered the astute Lipman, "and taken up very much of your time besides. You would have had to give backsheesh to the khavasse who took her up, to the jailer who detained her, and to the *cadi* before whom she was tried, and you would not then have got the book without waiting many days and giving more backsheesh still. Is it not better to have what you want without all that trouble?"

For once we thought Lipman right; and as we left the Wailing-Place, we were followed by a chorus of blessings from the poor Jews. That the secret wish of the heart might be ours; that the sun might shine ever brightly on those we love; that our garners might be always full, and our children numerous and dutiful; that we might reach our native land in safety, and bring joy to our mothers' hearts; that Jehovah might be ever on our side against our enemies, in remembrance of our goodness to the widow—formed the burden of their prayers, which were delivered with a noisy fervour which is indescribable. The women were unveiled, and their streaming eyes, their gay turbans and flowing robes, their Oriental faces full of passionate fire, the imagery of their language, and the poetry of their gestures when they crowded round us, and with uplifted arms vociferously invoked Heaven on our behalf, made a series of tableaux not to be forgotten. But for our intervention, they insisted, the widow's holy book would have been mutilated, or kept by the infidel, a statement which Lipman confirmed. We saw enough of the Jews resident in Jerusalem to believe in many of the accusations brought against them of worthless idleness and deeply-rooted mendicancy. But we can recal no pleasanter experience in Palestine than the fervent gratitude of those we helped at the Wailing-Place, and their outspoken blessings made us think tenderly of their shortcomings, and have been often recurred to in more distant lands.

#### "WHO WAS HE?"

In the year 18—, an English gentleman, accompanied by his daughters, four in number, bright-haired, blithe, and comely, embarked in the grey of an early autumn morning on one of the steamers which ply between Ratisbon and Vienna. The Maria Teresa, fresh from her recent ablutions, lay

with still wetted deck, patiently awaiting on the heaving wave the gathering together of her passengers, some of whom already stood shivering over their carpet-bags, looking wistfully the while towards the streak of orange light which promised warmth and sunshine by-and-bye. The present, however, being but chill and raw, they soon dispersed, and dropping down one by one into the cabins below, whose smouldering stoves made artificial summer, remained ensconced in those lower regions. An old gentlewoman, with a high-bridged nose, bravely raising itself above the folds of a venerable chinchilla boa, was next interred by the steward, under the title of Princess Kaunitz, in the depths of an antiquated glass *calèche*; a lean *soubrette* of the same early date, armed with knitting-needles and a progressing stocking, took her place amongst the wadded cushions at her mistress's side, and the steamer's preparations for its voyage seemed complete.

The young English ladies, however, still remained on deck. They had, they said, no notion of being smoked up in the stuffy cabins below, and so they took their seats on one of the benches, and allowed the river wind to toy freely with their golden, auburn, and flaxen tresses, and uplift their blue and green travelling-veils, till they fluttered like pennons on the breeze.

There was now but one remaining passenger beside the English family left on the deck of the Maria Teresa, as she hustled away from the shore, and plunging heavily into the centre stream, began to plough her way through the many and perplexing currents of the great Danube.

The left-behind passenger was also a left-behind kind of looking man; a pale, shabby, yet gentleman-like personage, who hugged himself in the folds of a faded military mantle, swathed about his person after the Italian or Spanish fashion, and from over the top folds of which the wearer's eyes looked forth with an expression strangely made up of indolence and curiosity. The English party had chosen places on a bench rather apart from the surrounding ones on the steamer's deck, and to this retreat the curious, idle eye of the stranger soon followed them, resting on the little group as if he were far too lazy ever to take it off again. At length the young ladies having simultaneously left their places to gaze more nearly at the eddying river, the stranger also rose, sauntered indolently across the deck, and carelessly throwing himself on the bench



they had just quitted, addressed to the gentleman of the party, who still remained seated, some passing remark, nowise starting from its originality, but courteously expressed in French, and having immediate reference to the exceeding beauty of the weather.

From this moment the solitary passenger contrived to attach himself exclusively to the little English group, yet in a manner so wonderfully unobtrusive, so courteous, and so gentleman-like, that it would have been impossible to have taken offence, or even to consider it in the light of an impertinent intrusion, and all the more so as the stranger invariably and unmistakably directed both his conversation and his attentions, not so much to the ladies of the party, as to the elderly gentleman himself.

Are there many elderly gentlemen, of any country whatsoever, who would not—unconsciously to themselves perhaps—have entertained a more favourable opinion of the mysterious personage for so doing?

In conversation the stranger was peculiarly agreeable; rich in the reminiscences of a chequered life, passed, it would seem, to use a somewhat hackneyed expression, between court and camp, and giving unmistakable evidence of a perfect acquaintance with the highest circles of society, both at home and abroad.

"England," he said, "he knew well. His wife" (he was now a widower) "his wife had been an Englishwoman, the daughter of an English nobleman. Yes! he knew England well," and here he sighed heavily behind the top fold of his military mantle.

At twelve o'clock the steamer's bell rang out wildly, to gather together its passengers, who had by that time nearly all returned on deck, and frantically pressed all to partake of the greasy dinner prepared for them below. This announcement, however discordantly conveyed, brought with it, nevertheless, a happy change, and a general new-life kind of sensation seemed to rise in each individual, just as the awakening sap revives the slumbering tree. Every one hurried his or her steps, with more or less self-possession, towards the stairs that led below; and it soon became evident that a lingering sense of decency alone prevented many from actually running to the ladder. Even the venerable glass calèche gave up its princess, who, together with her antique attendant, struggled down the narrow way, and was soon lost in a group of high-

batted Tyrolese, whilst the English party followed the general movement, and also prepared to descend the cabin-stairs.

"Would milord dine so early?" then mildly asked the solitary passenger of his new acquaintance. Mr. D. had already had occasion to assure the stranger that he had no claim to any such title, but the latter having answered him in return that his perfect resemblance to a very dear friend of his who rejoiced in a similar distinction, rendered it difficult—nay, impossible—to address him otherwise, the matter had been given up as hopeless, and "milord" he remained up to the very gates of Vienna.

"If milord were decided to go below, and to dine accordingly," observed the stranger in a resigned tone of voice, "why then, early as it was, and contrary to his usual habits, he too would go below, and would dine."

The party accordingly went down together, and took their seats at the long, narrow table, but some weak white wine-and-water and a slice of apple were the sole results of the excursion as far as the stranger was concerned.

And so the hours wore on. The morning tints of mother-o'-pearl in the sky and on the eddying waters had now changed to the more decided blue of the mid-day. The grand old river bore its freight rapidly along, sometimes between shores steppe-like in their flatness, in their grey, desert colouring, and in the occasional touch of savage life imparted to the scene by some shepherd figure wrapped in untanned skins, or by a herd of wild, uncouth horses, flinging, like Mazeppa's reckless steed, their streaming manes to the river breeze; sometimes between high shelving banks on either side, up which the red-barked pine, climbing higher and higher on its natural amphitheatre of rude rock, lifted its topmost branches in sharp relief against the deep blue sky. In such passages the fresh river breeze, busying itself here and there, would often waft from the shore a gold or scarlet autumn leaf, or some light fragment of forest moss, and lay them softly on the boarded deck of the *Maria Teresa*; and still the muffled stranger would talk away pleasantly and engagingly on many a subject, and sometimes, with infinite tact, would allow the conversation to drop for an interval, until it became evident that its renewal was desired by willing listeners. Nor did the military mantle invariably display its much faded folds on

the same bench with the grey travelling-dresses of the fair young English ladies; but its owner sat always within call, as it were, should the elderly English gentleman have any information to ask respecting necessary arrangements for their further voyage, or the young ladies any inquiry to make concerning the legend and past history of some ruined tower or castle fragment on the receding shores.

At the fall of night the steamer landed its passengers at the usual halting-place for such as preferred sleeping on terra firma. The inn, which called itself "hotel," was a poor-looking place enough without, and the English family had but slender hopes of meeting with much comfort within. To their no small surprise, however, they were immediately received with that marked attention usually reserved for peculiarly honoured and expected guests, and things within wore a much more comfortable aspect than things without. The landlord himself walked up-stairs before them with a lighted wax-taper, the fire crackled and burned briskly within the huge stove of shining green ware, the supper was ready, the freshest trout, the crispest fried potatoes, were on the table in a twinkling, and the sheets, with their garniture of cotton lace, showed by their snowy whiteness that they very rarely indeed left the shelves of the good wife's walnut presses.

When the English party returned to the steamer on the day following, the muffled stranger was, notwithstanding the early hour, already seated on its deck, on the same bench on which they had seen him last, and looking as if he had never left it. He raised his slouched sombrero courteously to the ladies, and hoped they had passed a tolerable night at the inn. It was but a poor place he added, "un miserable trou," but he had sent on a word to the landlord, and he trusted he had duly attended to his recommendation. (*His recommendation! thought the young ladies, "Who then was he?"*)

Towards evening the *Maria Teresa*, at some signal from the shore, stopped suddenly in her course, and lay trembling on her wheels just opposite a small village at the water's edge. On the narrow strand, waiting apparently for the steamer's passage, stood a little group of gentlemen, with a serving-man and his charge of carpet-bags. A calèche which had brought them to the river-side drove away as the boat from the steamer neared the land,

and the party having embarked in it, were soon transported to the deck of the *Maria Teresa*. The elder of the two gentlemen, who now joined its other passengers, had a feeble step and a somewhat dejected aspect, and wore a seal-skin cap with broad ear-flaps, which almost concealed his countenance; but his companion, a man not much past the prime of life, carried his handsome head aloft, and seemed well pleased to display features which, in their chiselled regularity, and frank, soldier-like expression, reminded one forcibly of the busts and portraits of the *bon Roi Henri*.

"The Prince de Polignac and the Duc de Grammont," quietly observed the mysterious passenger, as they stepped on board; and in another moment the foreign embrace of intimate acquaintance and friendship was exchanged between himself and the new arrivals. The whole party now withdrew to a retired corner of the deck, and a long and earnest conversation ensued, on political subjects the young ladies thought, from certain expressions which once or twice reached their ears. Be that as it might, the conference lasted until the steamer reached the final landing-place close to Vienna. It had now long since grown dark, and the old and feeble ex-minister of Charles Dix, and the courtly descendant of the De Grammonts, had in some way or other disappeared from the deck of the *Maria Teresa* in as sudden and unexpected a manner as they had arrived. But the mysterious passenger had not forgotten his friends. "Now mon cher milord," said he, suddenly appearing at his side, "I know you are worrying yourself about the douane, and the searching and pulling about of your carriage, and all the rest of it, and the douane of Vienna certainly is proverbially inquisitive and perplexing; but leave it all to me, no one shall disturb or distress you. I must join my friends to-night; but au revoir, to-morrow, I hope." And with that he disappeared amongst the lights and people on the landing-place.

The English family had now to wait patiently on board the steamer until the tedious operation of disembarking a heavy travelling-carriage was accomplished, and then getting into it (post-horses having been put to by an orange and black postilion in full imperial stripe), prepared to encounter, a little further on, the petty tyrannies and provocations of an Austrian custom-house.

"Laissez passer la voiture de monsieur!" shouted forth the head functionary of the

bureau of investigation to an under functionary of the same, who was in the act of applying a scaling-ladder to the topmost carriage imperial. "*Laissez passer la voiture de monsieur!*" And the favoured vehicle rolled on untouched!

The next morning brought, according to his promise, the mysterious stranger to the hotel at which the English family had taken up its quarters. "Now," thought the head of the little party, as he laid down his *Galvani's Messenger*, and rose to greet his visitor, "now I really must inquire the name of this obliging gentleman, and find out what and who he is." And indeed it was more than full time to ask the question, but a certain indefinable something in the stranger's whole mien and manner had hitherto rendered it peculiarly difficult to put a question, at all times, and under any circumstances, sufficiently awkward and distasteful in itself. Besides, the terms of extreme and even affectionate intimacy on which he evidently stood with the illustrious legitimists already mentioned, seemed to vouchsafe satisfactorily for his position and respectability.

In the mean time, the stranger, standing in an easy attitude with his back to the well-heated stove of shining white porcelain, welcomed his new friends to a city with which it appeared he himself was long and intimately acquainted. The society, he said, the society of the higher circles, was peculiarly agreeable, and had a charm and a prestige all its own. He would be proud and happy to be the means of introducing milord and his amiable daughters to certain *petits comités d'élite* to which he possessed the "*open sesamé*." The soirées of Prince Metternich were most agreeable and interesting, but perhaps the young ladies might prefer the *bals parés* of the Princess de C. The English family really felt grateful to the mysterious stranger for his kind and flattering offers, but begged to decline accepting them, as, indeed, they were not prepared for anything of the kind, having little else in the way of toilet with them than their travelling-dresses. The stranger, with much good-breeding, forbore to press the matter any further, but when about to take his leave, he remembered that there was to be, that very evening, some garden fête at a fashionable place of resort in the suburbs of the city. Perhaps milord and his charming demoiselles would not refuse to partake of that *sans façon* kind of diversion, requiring

neither toilet nor preparation. They would have an opportunity of hearing a celebrated band, and the best and newest dance-music, and of witnessing the bourgeois of Vienna in his true element, whilst enjoying the favourite and national amusement of the waltz, and doubtless also many distinguished members of the upper classes would be there as lookers on at the festivities. It was generally a picturesque and animated scene, and as such he felt sure the young ladies would enjoy it. He himself, he added in conclusion, would have the pleasure of joining them, and would be happy to do the honours of the gardens, and point out to their notice any persons of note amongst the crowd.

This last offer was gladly accepted, and the stranger took his leave with a smiling *au revoir ce soir!* As the door closed after him, paterfamilias again took up his newspaper, but he did not read this time—he soliloquised. "Too civil by half!" thought he to himself. "There must be something under it," and he glanced in the direction of his fair daughters, who were now swarming about the stove like a cluster of bees, stroking its warm white china surface with their still whiter hands, and earnestly discussing the expediency of substituting certain white gauze capotes, with pompon roses, for their sober travelling leghorn bonnets, on the approaching occasion.

The evening hours came round. The English family left the hotel at the appointed time, and, on arriving at the gardens, its members were careful to seat themselves in a conspicuous central spot, so as to be the more readily discovered by their obliging and expected cicerone.

It was, indeed, as he had said, a fair and joyous scene. The night was blue and beautiful as midsummer's brightest, and wonderfully mild. The stars above, and the coloured lamps beneath—the crowd of dancers lightly passing and repassing beneath the lit-up acacias—the exquisite strains of the German waltz, that seductive music of the senses, with its wild, passionate outbursts, and its under-current of deep, tender feeling—all was fancy-stirring, fascinating, and new; so much so, that the English party, sitting delightedly beneath the acacia-trees, listening to the strains of the delicious music, gazing after each fair-haired Austrian as she whirled past them in the giddy dance, for a time forgot both expected cicerone and appointed hour, and when they suddenly remembered the latter, the chimes from a

neighbouring convent told them it had long since passed!

Surprised to have as yet seen nothing of the obliging acquaintance who had so eagerly desired to do the honours of the evening, they now looked round in all directions for the tall, spare form, in the faded military mantle. It was nowhere to be seen. They then left their seats, and walked up and down for some time in the most frequented parts of the gardens. Still no sign of the friend of the Polignacs and De Grammonts! And so another hour passed by.

The elderly English gentleman now cheerfully proposed to leave all expectations, and the gardens; but the four young ladies unanimously confessed to a lingering fancy for exploring its more distant parts before they left. They sauntered about accordingly, here and there, amongst the illuminated alleys; now up one blinking avenue, where the coloured lamps were beginning to sputter and quiver in their little glasses as if quite indignant at being kept up so late; now down another, in which they, as it were, would stand it no longer, and had already gone to bed, and so on, until at last the party came suddenly on a solitary bit, that most solitary of all possible solitudes, the back-ground bit of a public garden; there, where the busy waiter shows his face but rarely, where the coloured lamps are but sparingly suspended to the dusky branches, and where the far-off laugh, and bustle, and music of the crowded haunts penetrate but faintly, like an echo of such things in the medley of a dream.

Here, quite unexpectedly, in a species of arbour, furnished with the usual round marble table and bench of stone, and lit by one dreary little violet lamp, they found the object of their search!

Seated by the table, his elbows rested on it, his head was buried in his hands, his face was buried in his hair. Nothing short of an intimate acquaintance with the very peculiar tournure of the mysterious stranger, and with the no less peculiar fold of the faded military mantle, could have enabled any but the most practised of all possible detectives to identify the courteous and agreeable passenger of the Danube steamer, the confidential friend of the Polignacs and De Grammonts, with the de-

plorable, forsaken-looking being now before them.

It was impossible to think, for one moment, of disturbing any one in such a phase of complete mental abstraction. The discreet English family forebore to attempt it. Their approaching footsteps had not been heard, and they succeeded in effecting their retreat in silence, gently and cautiously treading on the grassy edges of the gravel-walk, and pausing to look back once more from the end of the avenue at their strange, mysterious friend, they beheld him still sitting precisely as they had left him, his head buried in his hands, his face buried in his hair.

And from that moment to this, through all the intervening years, never have they seen him more. In vain did a natural curiosity prompt unceasing inquiries respecting the mysterious stranger during the whole month which the English family spent in Vienna. In vain was the minute description of his person, dress, appearance, and manners given over and over again to every creature they knew, or ever met. No one had ever seen him—no one had ever seen any one at all like him. The mystery remained a mystery to the last. The unknown traveller had left no card, and, as we are already aware, the elderly English gentleman had neglected to ask in time, "Who was he?"

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